

MUSIC.
Established in 1853.
E. A. BENSON'S
OLD AND RELIABLE
Wholesale Music House
— And —
PIANO-FORTE WAREHOUSES,
317 Main Street.
— IS NOW OFFERING —
BENSON & CO.'S Pianos from \$250 to \$450
YOUNG & SONS' Pianos from \$250 to \$500
GABLER Pianos from \$400 to \$500
STEINWAY & SONS' Pianos \$500 to \$1250
MASON & HAMILIN Organs \$100 to \$500
100 PIANOS FOR SALE
— Or —
Monthly Payments, as Follows:
Cash Down—
\$50 \$100 \$150 \$200 \$250 \$300 \$350 \$400 \$450 \$500
Monthly Payments—
\$45 \$40 \$35 \$30 \$25 \$20 \$15 \$10 \$5 —
Or a Liberal Discount for all Cash Down.
Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY
Pianos Tuned and Repaired by competent workmen.
E. A. BENSON,
317 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.
MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE RAILROAD.
Arrives. Leaves.
Express daily (except Sunday) 3.15 11.00
Mail Train 3.15 11.00
Acc'n except Sunday 8.25 5.00
Depot at head of Main street.
Ticket Office, 287 Main street, corner of Madison.
MISSISSIPPI AND TENNESSEE R.R.
Arrives. Leaves.
N. O. Mail (daily) 1.30 2.00
Express (daily except Sunday) 3.15 4.45
Freight (daily except Sunday) 4.30 5.15
Depot at foot of Main street.
Ticket Office, 287 Main street, corner of Madison.
M. BURKE, Gen'l Sup't.
MEMPHIS AND LITTLE ROCK RAILROAD
Arrives. Leaves.
Mail Train daily 2.00 3.10
Leaves 3.10
Louisville Depot 3.30
Freight and Accommodations 8.03 5.00
Sleeping cars on mail train. Depot Center Landing, foot of Washington street. Ticket offices, 287 (cor. Madison) and 278 Main street.
W. E. SMITH, Act'g Gen'l Sup't.
PADUCAH AND MEMPHIS RAILROAD.
Mail and Freight Train leaves 4:15 p.m.
Arrives 9:00 a.m.
The mail and freight train leaves Covington for Memphis at 6:15 a.m., and returns to Covington at 7 p.m. Trains leaving Memphis will start from the Underwriters' Warehouse.
M. BURKE, Sup't.

RAILROADS.
MEMPHIS AND LITTLE ROCK RAILWAY.
SCHEDULE.
Mail train leaves depot, foot Washington street, daily 3:10 p.m.
L. & N. R. R. depot 3:35 p.m.
Arrives daily 2:15 a.m.
New Pullman Palace Cars on Mail trains from this date, June 6, 1875.
For further information and Tickets, apply at Depot, Center Landing, foot of Washington street, No. 278 Main street, corner Madison, and 275 Main street.
W. E. SMITH, Acting Gen'l Sup't.
J. A. H. PERRY, Gen'l Ticket Ag't.
R. A. WILLIAMS, Passenger Ag't.
96-111
LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE
— AND —
Great Southern Railroad.
SCHEDULE.
Express train leaves daily (except Sunday) 3:30 a.m.
Mail Train leaves daily 11:00 a.m.
Accommodation leaves daily (except Sunday) 5:00 p.m.
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on all night trains.
For tickets or information, apply at Ticket Office, 287 Main, northeast corner of Madison street.
JOHN T. FLYNN, Sup't Memphis Div.
JAMES SPERD, Ticket Agent.
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ONLY ONE NIGHT OUT
— FROM —
Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis
— TO —
NEW YORK,
— VIA THE —
LITTLE MIAMI, PAN HANDLE
and Pennsylvania Route.
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Shortest and Quickest to all Eastern Cities.
DAILY
4 THROUGH TRAINS.
THROUGH FROM
Cincinnati to New York
IN 26 HOURS.
ALL SATURDAY TRAINS RUN through to New York without detention. Pullman's Palace Drawing-Room and Sleeping Cars on all through trains.
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No. 39 Madison Street,
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MANHOOD RESTORED.
A VICTIM OF YOUTHFUL IMPRUDENCE, causing premature decay, nervous debility, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has found a simple self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, New York.
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PUBLIC LEDGER.
Eight Dollars per Annum. LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION. Fifteen Cents per Week. NO. 116
VOL. XX. MEMPHIS, TENN.: TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1875.

PUBLIC LEDGER.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) at No. 13 Madison street.
The Public Ledger is served to city subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable weekly to the carriers. By mail (in advance): One year, \$5; six months, \$3; three months, \$2; one month, 75 cents. Postage free.
Newsdealers supplied at 2 1/2 cents per copy.

Weekly Public Ledger,

Published every Tuesday at \$2 per annum (in advance). Postage free.
Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable.

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First insertion.....\$1.00 per square
Subsequent insertions.....50 " "
For one week.....3.00 " "
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Displayed advertisements will be charged according to the space occupied, at above rates—there being twelve lines of solid type to the inch.

To regular advertisers we offer superior inducements, both as to rate of charges and manner of displaying their favors.
Notices in local columns inserted for twenty cents per line for each insertion.
Special notices inserted for ten cents per line for each insertion.
Notices of deaths and marriages, twenty cents per line.
All bids for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.
All letters, whether upon business or otherwise, must be addressed to
E. WHITMORE,
Publisher and Proprietor.

Some Account of Rachel.

Recollections of an Old Theater-goer.
I have often been asked by those who have not seen her to describe Rachel. It is like attempting to describe the sunset. "Phedra," that terrible tragedy, to me had the superincumbent weight of having been learned as task-work at school. Oh! that somebody would pilory every schoolmaster and mistress who ruins the classics of all literature by making boys and girls crouch over them at school. I thought with horror of having to hear again those terrible Alexandrines.

But, when after a few strains of music, a sad, pallid, beautiful Queen, all draped in white, dragging a crimson velvet mantle behind her, came warily on the stage, supported by her maidens, sank into her throne-like chair and commenced that first despairing, self-accusatory speech, I laid the ghost of my school mistress forever. These were not the Alexandrines I had learned. No! This was the wail of a lost conscience; these were the words of a gigantic despair. This was a creature wounded to the death. From first to last you saw the human creature writhing under a power greater, grander than herself. The power of the goddess was upon her. Phedra must love, and guiltily love! The way she was pulled across the stage against her will toward Hyppolite was very terrible. You could hardly imagine that the invisible crowd which drew her was only the fatal weakness of passion. Then her horror when she saw herself face to face with Hyppolite, and her sudden retreat. All was superhuman.

I saw her afterward in the classic dress and beautiful part of Camille, in which she was a study for all sculptors. She was an image of classic grace, thin woman that she was, and her eyes, those wonderful eyes that looked like slits in her face through which the lightning played, and again which opened with splended size and brilliancy—they were the connecting link between the statue and a woman. Her hands were very beautiful, small and perfectly shaped, and immensely expressive, as hands should be.

Her Adrienne Lecouvreur was a most splendid picture of costume. Tintoretto seemed to have lavished all his abandon of color, luxuriant fancy and wealth of design on those dresses of hers. I remember one brocade whose flowers were jewels, which was gorgeous. Her scene with the ladies of the court, when her lover, Maurice de Saxe, introduces her, was so graceful and touching that it was almost tearful. The humility of the beautiful actress who says to the grandes dames that "of them must she learn the courtly elegance, and the graceful bearing, the modest courtesy, of private life," was supremely done. She! who could have swept all the women in the world off the boards of any stage for all these! The subsequent tenderness, pathos, and final tragedy of this play were, of course, up to her other grand efforts. She was a beautiful and lovable creature through the whole of it, and her death at the end, from poison, spoiled for me what would have been the most ornamental picture of herself. Could I have seen Rachel in Adrienne Lecouvreur without the last scene, how gladly would I have compromised for the loss of her powerful acting in that part; for death should never be represented on the stage. It is the Roman instinct of covering the face was far truer and nobler than any manifestation of dying agony.

A Brave Boy.

The recent celebration at Maysville, Kentucky, of the centennial of the first corn planting in Mason county brought out the following story:
On the 23d of June, 1780, a company of 600 Canadians and Indians, under command of Colonel Byrd, a British officer, came with six cannon in boats or canoes down the Big Miami river, up the Ohio to where Covington now stands, thence up the Licking river to Ruddle's or Hinkson's station. Their approach was most painfully heralded to the little company of settlers by the booming of cannon—a sound which had never before waked the echoes in Kentucky. A surrender was demanded, with promise of protection by the British from Indian

ferocity and indignities, and of kind treatment as prisoners. But no white man ever yet could restrain the terrible passions of Indian warriors with prisoners in their hands, and in this case several were murdered and others threatened with death and barbarously treated before Colonel Byrd could arrest their terrible fate by threats of instantly returning to Canada and abandoning the expedition. Martin's Station, five miles distant and three miles below Paris, on Stoner creek, was surrendered; but the prisoners were saved from death by Col. Byrd, although the Indians divided the spoils among themselves. Among the captured at Ruddle's station were several boys. John Ruddle could not travel, because of a stone-bruise on his foot; he was tomahawked and scalped, but his two young brothers, Abraham and Stephen, were spared because of their cheerfulness and bravery. George and John Sail, two little boys, the latter only two years old, were to be tomahawked as too young to be of any value as prisoners, when a warrior less bloodthirsty than the rest proposed a test of John's capability of endurance and nerve. To ascertain if he would make a plucky Indian, and so be worth raising, they determined to roll him down a high and steep stony bank, where the knoaks and bruises would sorely try him. He underwent the cruel ordeal without a whimper or wincing, or any show of fear or suffering; and with a smile began to clamber up the bank, seeming to say, "Do that again." Such coolness and self-possession in a little child struck them with intense admiration, and they adopted him and his brother. George grew up to manhood and married among them, but John was ransomed in few years, returned to Harrison county, and lived a long and useful life.

SARTORIS SQUELCHED.

The President's Son-in-Law Meets More Than His Match—What Happened in a Stable at Long Branch.
New York Sun, July 7.]
On Saturday evening a number of young gentlemen of sporting proclivities were gathered in the West End Hotel, Long Branch. Very naturally the conversation between drinks turned upon physical development, and more naturally still, the impulsive youths began to bare their arms to show the size of their muscles. Of all the arms shown those of Mr. Sartoris, President Grant's son-in-law, and Mr. Goicouria, a young stock broker, were the most muscular. Each of these gentlemen exhibited knotted cords which would have done honor to a prize fighter, and each showed as much pride as muscle, talking with that liberality which Piper Heidsieck and Mumm's Extra Dry always inspire.

The upshot of the big talk was an agreement between the two gentlemen named to test their strength and skill in a glove fight. Mr. Goicouria wished to fight without delay, but as the hour was late, it was at length decided to defer it until Monday, and to select a stable belonging to the Hon. Thomas Murphy as the place of meeting. This stable stands back of Ocean avenue, and not far from the cottage presented to President Grant by the Hon. Thomas Murphy, George Washington Childs, A. M., and others. It is a spacious building, and the main floor afforded abundant space for the fistic encounter.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning the friends of the contestants drove from the West End Hotel to Mr. Murphy's stable, six coaches being well filled with sport-loving young men. It is said, also, that President Grant, Mr. Thomas Murphy and his son, George Washington Childs, A. M., and other cottagers in the aristocratic neighborhood, walked over to the scene and manifested great interest in the sport, but as to this point all who were present are peculiarly reticent. Indeed, like the Beecher jury, they were sworn to secrecy, although enough has leaked out to justify the following description of the thrilling contest:

About eleven o'clock the men stripped to the buff, both showing magnificent muscle, and both being in good fighting condition. Although rather below the size of his opponent, Mr. Sartoris seemed to be harder in flesh and able to stand more punishment, and in the preliminary sparring it was plain that his knowledge of the noble science of self-defence was greater than that of his adversary. But in point of strength and in quickness of foot Mr. Goicouria had all the advantage.

The first round was a cautious one on both sides, although Mr. Goicouria got in a left hand fencer, which Mr. Sartoris reciprocated with a neat clip on the side of his head, administered with his right. Then followed a series of feints and parries, and the round ended.

Mr. Sartoris opened the second round with a bold attack, which Mr. Goicouria skillfully parried, and seeing that his opponent, in his eagerness, relaxed his guard, he went for him right and left, the result being a knock down.

From this time out the game was all in the hands of Mr. Goicouria. After getting the first knock down he drew first blood, and for six or seven rounds battered the President's son-in-law unmercifully. Mr. Sartoris stood up round after round with bull-dog courage and endurance, but at length his friends saw that his chance of winning was less than nothing, and persuaded him to retire.

The following affecting stanza, which can be attributed to no less celebrated an elegiac poet than George Washington Childs, A. M., who thus expresses his horror at the pouncing of the President's son-in-law, has attained to great popularity at Long Branch:

Affliction sore long time he bore,
His parries were in vain;
For Goicouria mauled him sore,
And put him to great pain.
Gone to join his father-in-law.

The estate of the late Mr. Charles M. Barras, the author of the "Black Crook," is large enough to leave none of his brothers in an M-Barras condition.

Lincoln's Baker Story.

Colonel Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff during the late rebellion, was well known in Springfield, Illinois, and it was of him Mr. Lincoln used to tell the following story:

Colonel Baker was very courteous to ladies, always treating them with great politeness and attention. He was starting on a journey at one time, when a lady was placed in his care by an acquaintance. Now, the Colonel knew nothing whatever of this lady, but she proved to be a pleasant traveling companion, and he made her as comfortable as possible on the old stage-coach. On the next morning they stopped for breakfast in Galena, and while that meal was being prepared they were shown into a parlor on the second floor. Here the lady seated herself by an open window looking out on the street, while the Colonel paced the floor, with his hands folded behind him, as was his custom, for he always seemed as restless as a caged bear when confined in a room. Other passengers were in the parlor, and they were speaking of some late defaulter, some blaming him, others saying he had done what he could to save his creditors. At last one of the gentlemen appealed to Colonel Baker, asking what he thought of the defaulter.

"Think of him!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, that he should be hung without mercy. He is a scoundrel." At this the lady left her seat, and standing in front of the Colonel with flashing eyes, said, "Colonel Baker, perhaps it may interest you to know that the gentleman you so readily condemn is my uncle!"

The Colonel ceased his walk, and giving one appealing look to his fair friend, he began to draw off his coat, and approaching the open window, said, "I have nothing more to say, madame; but give the word, and I will throw myself from this window."

The sacrifice was not demanded, and they continued their journey in peace.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A Revengeful Organ.
The stomach is a revengeful organ. If we assign it indigestible food, it not only refuses to perform its office, but inflicts upon us unspeakable tortures, such as those of indigestion, colic, cholera morbus, etc. Not content with giving us pain, it frequently inaugurates an excessive and wasting diarrhea, called dysentery, which carries us to our graves. With a view to prevent these consequences, as soon as the stomach gives notice by premonitory twinges that its cargo is not to its liking, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be swallowed. This admirable digestive cordial will promptly reconcile the refractory organ to its contents, and prevent any of those annoying and possibly fatal results which the presence of indigestible food in the stomach is liable to produce. The Bitters are also a superb tonic, restorative and appetizer. cod115-114w

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LOTTERY.
Legitimized by Authority of an act of the Legislature. Tickets \$1 each. Six for \$5. One Chance in every 9.
Fifth Extraordinary Drawing.
1 Cash Prize of \$100,000
1 Cash Prize of 50,000
1 Cash Prize of 25,000
1 Cash Prize of 20,000
51,025 Cash Prizes amounting to \$350,000
The first Extraordinary Drawing was held on July 1st, 1875, at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, France. The second by Governor James, held by Ticket Holders. The fourth by Judge Black, held by the State. Drawings every 30 Days.
Agents wanted. Liberal pay. For full particulars send to
J. W. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.
J. W. PATTEE is on the Union Pacific Railroad.
New Chicago and Omaha.

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NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.'S
"Vibrator" Thresher.
The "Brilliant Success of this Grain-Saving, Time-Saving THRESHER is unprecedented in the annals of Farm Machinery. In a brief period it has become widely known and FULLY ESTABLISHED, as the LEADING THRESHING MACHINE.

THRESHING MACHINES
GRAIN RAISERS REFUSE to submit to the wasteful and imperfect work of other Threshers, when posted on the vast superiority of this one, for saving grain, saving time, and doing fast, thorough and economical work.
THRESHERMEN FIND IT highly advantageous to run a machine that has no "Beaters," "Pickers," or "Apron," that handles Damp Grain, Long Straw, Headings, Flax, Timothy, Millet and all such difficult grain and seeds, with ENTIRE EASE AND EFFECTIVENESS. Cleans to perfection; saves the farmer his thresh bill by extra saving of grain, makes no "Litterings"; requires LESS THAN ONE-HALF the usual Belts, Boxes, Journals, and Gears; easier managed; less repairs; one that grain raisers prefer to employ and wait for, even at advanced prices, while other machines are "out of job."

Four sizes made with 6, 8, 10 and 12 horse "Mounted" Powers, also a specialty of Separators "alone," expressly for STEAM POWER, and to match other Horse Powers.

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Have just removed to the new, large four-story warehouse, No. 1st Main st.

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Equitable, of Nashville, Assets, \$305,087.

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